

The Game

"Certified Gangsta"

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[Intro: G.A.M.E. (Jim Jones)]

(R.I.P Eazy-E) That Westside (Capo), that city where them
tec's fly (Dip-set!)

We ride in that Westside (Eastside), that no seeds in
our stress side (Lets ride)

[Verse 1: G.A.M.E.]

Jim Jones swirvin, I got that purple I'm blowed

Tight grip on the Escalade pole

Yeah, Harlem's jus' like Compton, that's jus' how I roll

Red bandana wrapped around the chrome .44

Gun smokin' like Suge cigar

Show me how you stunt you thrown outta movin' car

If that thing come out, its murder she wrote

If Doc come out, its 30 Impalas on the boat

Nigga, we do this everyday

Llamas under the thermul, waitin' by ya stairs like Mary

J

Beat niggaz ride dirty like Jazze Pha, Cassius Clay

Knock a nigga out on the ave today

Bring the mack ya way me and Santana

Blowin' in the crowd like Donnie Hathaway

Westside blood-gang, niggaz know what I'm about

And they know I'm ruff ridin' so they knockself out

[Chorus: Bezel]

Now I ride with my vest, .45 and my tech

Big 4 in the '64, like I'm in the West

Not petrified to put 5 in ya chest

Cause, we Certified Gangstas

Stash the mill' in the house

And I kill in the drowt

That's the chill, when I pump, get it crunk in the South

Icegrill, like a nice meal in my mouth

Cause, we Certified Gangstas

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